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Poetry.

(Original.)

A SIGH FROM THE SEA.

BY REV. H. H. MOORE.

The night-winds sweeping o'er the moor
Sigh not alone—
The waves that break along the shore
Echo their tone—

But here's a breast which none can know,
(For none hath felt its secret woe.)
That still must heave where'er I go
A deeper moan.

Gay sea-birds coming o'er the main
Together cling,
In pairs they skim the watery plain
With equal wing—

Together perch upon the mast—
Together sport amidst the blast,
And when the latest pebbles past,
Their corals sing.

Our gallant-ship is all aglee
With full set sail—
O'er the foam-frets the foaming sea
We steadily sail.

The crew aloft are bold and strong—
The cabins full of joyous song;
But I—alone amidst the throng
My fate bewail.

The ocean heaves me on, but leaves
My heart behind—
I'm sad to think of one who grieves
That I'm unkind—

Unkind to leave her—not alone—
But leave her when her love's soft tone
Must fall upon my ears or none
Is grief refined.

We've been among the breakers, where
The maddest sea
Ward on our bark, as if 'twere there
Our grave might be.

I did not meet the scolding gale—
I scarcely heard the screaming gale—
They pray I know could never fail,
And thought of thee.

Dim star-light falling on the sea
Reminds of home—
And could I grief be all with me,
I'd bid it come.

For there a heart as lone as mine—
A heart which often will repine,
Yet, like the needle, still incline
Where'er it roam.

O may that Power which is above
Our fortunes keep—
His soothing balm beguile that love
Which cannot sleep—

His hand, be pilot on the spray—
A shield amidst the battles fray—
Till strength to cheer through all my stay,
Nor let thee weep.

We seek these fields our flag to see—
God grant with life,
But better fall among the brave
Than shrink the strife—

And if 'ere shall be my lot
To be in scenes of carnage hot
Then may I prove that you are not
A coward's wife.

A co. 1st Regt. S. C. Inf.,
Steamer Arago, off Charleston, March 21, 1863.

(Original.)

THE SLAVE IN TENNESSEE.

BY ELEAN MURRAY.

A slave, say you? and yet he stood
Up straight beneath God's sky,
And very rarely man on earth
Has uttered words more high,
Roll back the scroll of history,
Recall each ancient word,
Find, if you can, a nobler phrase
By which our hearts are stirred.

A slave! How do we measure man?
Not now by birth or gold,
By spear that led the lifted field,
By finer, fairer mould,
With earth's past youth, those teeth have passed,
We measure better now—
By size of mind, by warmth of heart,
By soul-light on the brow.

So measure them this man—or slave!
He woke to sudden hope
Of freedom both for soul and limb,
Of wider thought and scope;
His pulses met with eager beat
The first day of the year,
As larks that rise with hurried wing
To greet the day spring near.

'T was that dream of life broke in
The fatal words, "not free,"
To save the millions of the south
Our hands must pass by thee.
Oh! many a heart break less than this,
And many a lesser wrong
Has swept away in ruin's flood
Our great men, and our strong.

But he, the slave, looked calmly back
Through grief to Calvary,
Then spoke, with sweetness drawn from thence:
"To make my people free
I take myself with willing heart
The future of the slave,
And bless the hand that passes me,
My helpless race to save."

The measure of a man: Not so!
An angel's measure it must be
To measure such a man.

How small to our blind eyes may seem
The struggle and the pain,
Falling the while to comprehend
The victory and the gain.

It is somewhat singularly fitting that to the query, "Is pity love?" the anagrammatic answer is, "Positively."

The Story-Teller.

(Written for The Free South.)

MY WIFE'S CLIENT.

BY FREDERICK MILNES EDGE.

CHAPTER I.

Marriage is a lottery. If it were not for our gambling propensities, I suppose men and women would remain single, seeing what a terrible lot of blanks there are in fortune's wheel, and so few prizes. I, like others, "went it blind," and drew—well! no disparagement to other beneficiaries,—the biggest kind of a prize. Mrs. Luke Blivius, I maintain, is the best lawyer by long odds in the glorious Sucker State.

Why don't women become lawyers? I should like to see the man who possesses the title of their adaptability for the profession; passive tact, active *finesse*, penetration, perseverance, and decision, are natural to them; and, as regards pleading, show me the male capable of holding an argument with them! When things in general are managed as they ought to be, Mrs. Luke Blivius will be chief justice of the supreme court of the United States.

Law wasn't of much account in Snickertown when Mrs. B. installed herself as the guardian angel of my household. Sol Gregsly, my lean, lank, six-foot-three clerk, had an easy time of it like his employer, and both of us would have had hard work to make both ends meet but for a mania on the part of the Snickertownians for speculating in corner lots. Times have changed wonderfully since then: corner lots don't very often get into the market, and Sol (he's my partner now), and myself have more cases than we can attend to comfortably. It's all due to Mrs. Blivius, but like a dear, good wife as she is, she wants her husband to have the credit of it. She says she is only the sleeping partner in the concern.

Let me see! it's just about twelve years ago that Sim Barker came running to our house in a towering passion. Mrs. B. and myself were sitting at breakfast, and Sol was just about to start on his morning walk, which he sententiously called his "matutinal." Hearing Barker's voice outside calling in excited tones for Lawyer Blivius, I left the room and enquired, with all the coolness befitting the profession, the meaning of the disturbance.

"Why, Lawyer," answered Sim, "that damned thief Thad Harlan's been and cheated me out of my hundred dollars, and I want you to make him give them up. You see, I went to his shanty last night, and—"

Sim Barker rattled out his complaint in a much shorter time than I can recite, and in so loud and excited a tone that several of the neighbors ran to their street doors: I thought it best, therefore, to ask my unexpected client into the house, and a minute afterwards we were continuing the conversation in my office. Sim Barker, I must tell you, was the most unpromising client any attorney could desire; I cannot say he was a man of no character—that would be flattering him—for his reputation in Snickertown and the surrounding country had long stamped him as the idliest rascal in the vicinity. Nobody ever made out how he managed to live, and especially how he found it cheaper to be everlastingly intoxicated than to remain sober: he was, in fine, a loafing scamp naturally, improved for the worse by a long course of training. The only thing to be said in his favor was that he had never, as yet, been caught openly transgressing the law.

Arrived in the little apartment which served me as an office, and which by the bye adjoined the room where I had just left my wife at breakfast, I told Barker to continue his complaint. His story was a hard one for a lawyer to believe, and I made up my mind he was attempting to play the confidence game on me, perhaps with the intention of enlisting my services against the man whom he spitefully accused of robbing him. As to believing his statement, that was clearly out of the question. He told me in the same rapid, excited manner, that he had asked Thad Harlan, the liquor dealer, to take charge of a hundred dollars for him the previous night, and that on applying for his money an hour ago, Harlan had professed entire ignorance of the affair and ordered him out of the store as an imposter. I enquired whether he had not demanded a receipt on giving up the money, and my disbelief of his story became conclusive when he informed me that not merely had no such acknowledgment been obtained, but that no witnesses were in the bar-room when he delivered up the sum stated.

"Well," said I, "your tale, may be as true as last year's almanac, but I reckon, Barker, you'll not get any judge or jury in Snickertown to believe you."

"Damn you lawyers," roared out Sim,

"blame me if you ain't all on the side of the thieves! Jeb. Bell told me that same thing before I came to you."

"And all the lawyers in the town will tell it you too, Barker, as well as Mr. Bell and myself; but I'll give you this bit of advice gratis; when you hand over money again, mind you always get a receipt for it." And having said this, I got him out of the house.

Returning to the breakfast table, my wife received me with the sarcastic remark:

"And that is what lawyers call justice, Luke!"

"Well, my love," I replied, "Barker may or may not have lost the money as he relates, but any lawyer will tell you he cannot recover under the circumstances. Harlan bears a respectable character in comparison with his address, but who in Snickertown would believe Sim Barker on his oath even?"

"Luke," said Mrs. B. to my ineffable astonishment, "go and bring Barker back again."

"What!" I ejaculated.

"As I say. I mean to take this case in hand myself."

I had made up my mind during my courting, that Mrs. B. was a woman of great decision of character, and three years of married life had considerably intensified that impression. So I put on my hat, and five minutes afterwards, Barker and myself were walking back to the house. Leaving my wife's client in the office on our arrival, I sought Mrs. B. for further instructions, and found her up stairs in consultation with Sol Gregsly.

"Sim Barker," I said, "is down in the office, and now I would like to know what you are going to do with him. I tell you beforehand, you'll never recover this money by any process of law. Barker has no receipt for it, and he says himself that no witnesses were present when he handed over the hundred dollars to Harlan. The case is simply *ex parte*, and between the paths of Harlan and Barker all Snickertown will side with the former. Besides, Sol is a drunkard, and a drunkard, loafing rascal like Sim would have a hundred dollars in his possession?"

"Drunkard and loafer he may be," answered my wife, "but that is no reason why he should be robbed of his money. Did he not tell you how he obtained possession of so large a sum?"

"Yes, and that makes the matter still worse! He says he won it at poker, and he had the assurance to tell me that he knows the game—meaning, of course, that he cheated."

"Well," replied Mrs. B., "all you say does not justify Harlan in robbing him, and however disreputable a character Barker may be, he certainly does not cause a twentieth part of the misery and wickedness that the whiskey-seller does. Now, Luke, you must go down stairs and tell your new client you will recover the money for him, but he must first obtain another hundred dollars."

Down stairs I went, more mystified than ever. Putting the best face possible on the matter, I told Barker his money might be recovered if he would raise an equal sum amongst his friends and acquaintances. Sim's physiognomy did not wear a benign expression when I made this statement, and it took me several minutes to convince him that he could never get back the stolen money unless he consented to do so. At length he told me that he might, perhaps, obtain the sum from his brother at Snakeville, but as that place was fifteen miles from Snickertown, he could not possibly get back before next day. Up stairs I went again to consult Mrs. B.

"He must be back here this evening," said my wife. "You can lend him your mare, and Gregsly will ride over there with him. Gregsly says he can borrow a horse from one of his friends, and don't forget this, Luke; make Barker promise not to touch any liquor until his return."

"Well," I replied, "I will do as you say, but the more I hear of the matter, the more I am mystified."

"That's my case, too," added Sol Gregsly, "but I reckon Mrs. Blivius will pull us through all straight. I'm for doing anything she orders so we can make that whiskey poisoner, Harlan, disgorge his plunder."

"He will do that within twenty-four hours," observed my wife, "but see here Gregsly; I wish you to hand a note to Guimauve the barber, at Snakeville; he will give you a package for me."

"Hem!" said I, "Sim Barker, the loafer; Sol Gregsly, the temperance lecturer; and Guimauve, the Snakeville barber: I suppose it's my turn next!"

Wait a little, Luke," replied my wife, "your lawyers can't see an inch beyond your 'thereupon,' 'moreovers,' and 'afore-saids,' and half the cases you take in hand could be far better settled without the

nystification you call law. Now, Luke, go and tell Barker what he has to do; and mind, Gregsly, that both of you get back here as quickly as possible. You had better not leave the town together; you can overtake Barker on the road."

CHAPTER II.

Sim Barker returned at seven o'clock in the evening, and much to my astonishment he brought a hundred dollars with him. Shortly afterward, Sol Gregsly joined us, and handed a small package to my wife. Mrs. B. then told me to dismiss Barker, after first taking the money from him, ordering him at the same time to return precisely at ten o'clock. Sim tried hard to get at the meaning of all this, but I put on the dignity befitting the circumstances, and told him that lawyers never disclosed their intentions until absolutely necessary. After again pledging himself to remain sober, and promising not to mention anything relative to his movements during the day, he doggedly left the house.

On rejoining my wife and Sol in the parlor, Mrs. B. said:

"This swindler, Harlan, has evidently presumed on Barker's bad reputation to cheat him, and his very contempt for a man who would confide in his care a large sum of money without requiring a receipt for it, will enable us to recover the amount with little fear of exciting his suspicion."

"Well," said I, "how are you going to set about it, my love? It seems to me we are no nearer the result of which you appear so confident than at breakfast time this morning!"

"That is my secret, Luke," she answered; "but we have not yet had supper, and Gregsly must be hungry after his hard ride."

This cut short the conversation and we adjourned below. Sol ate truly like an ogre, and the meal lasted much longer than usual; but Mrs. B. studiously refrained from any reference to her case, and quietly put down all attempts on our part to discover her secret.

CHAPTER III.

Ten o'clock came and so did Sim Barker. As soon as my wife heard from me of his arrival, she called Gregsly into the parlor and said to him:

"I want your assistance again Gregsly. Do you know at what hour this Harlan closes his store?"

"Well ma'am," answered Sol, "I reckon it's about half-past ten: folks hereabouts turn in pretty early."

As he said this, Mrs. B. undid the package from Snakeville and produced an enormous pair of false whiskers. Didn't Sol and I stare at each other and shriek with laughter!

"I dare say they will fit you," she said, looking at Gregsly, "for I told Guimauve they were for you."

"For me?" roared Sol, "this is a queer way of conducting a suit of *replevin*. Am I to frighten Harlan out of Barker's hundred dollars?"

"Put the whiskers on," said Mrs. B., "these hooks go round the ears. And now, listen! Barker is going to give Harlan these second hundred dollars as soon as the toppers have left his store. You will disguise yourself as much like a traveller as possible, and get to Harlan's a few minutes before Barker's arrival, so as to witness his handing over the money. To prevent suspicion, you had better order a drink, and if you would only sham a fit of intoxication it will be still better. Do you understand?"

"Quite so, Mrs. Blivius, and I beg respectfully to suggest that as a prominent member of the Teetotal Society, I decidedly object to entering that vile shanty; that it's against my principles to call for a drink, and, as to shamming intoxication, I don't know how."

"Gregsly," said my wife, "our success depends upon your consent: remember we are forcing a restoration of stolen property, and by the only means possible."

I joined my entreaties to hers, and Sol finally consented, though with some reluctance. Light, in fact, began to break upon us, and Gregsly promised to do his best to assist the operations. The next thing to be done was to prepare Barker. Having received my instructions from Mrs. B. I returned him the hundred dollars and told him he must go back to Harlan's, apologize for having accused him of stealing the first amount, and request him to take charge of the second sum until the morning.

"Thunder and hounds!" ejaculated Barker, "reckon you take me for a fool!"

"No I don't. I shall get you back all the money Harlan has stolen from you. When you reach his store, the coast will be clear; give him these hundred dollars, and leave without speaking about any receipt. Mind this; and if you'll reel some and lincep now and then like when you're tight, it will be all the better."

"Well," he said "you're the only man that's shown me any kindness this many a long day: reckon you mean right! I'll do it."

"You must look inside the store to make sure all the folks are gone, but if there's only one person there, you needn't mind. But don't notice him at all."

I said this to prevent his speaking to Sol Gregsly, and I added:

"As soon as you have handed over the money, wish Harlan good night and come back here. No drinks remember."

CHAPTER IV.

More than an hour elapsed before the two returned, and not exactly understanding the full import of the proceedings, I began to fear that something had miscarried. Mrs. B., however, inspired me with a partial degree of confidence by her calmness, and the result proved she was right. Gregsly and Sim Barker came back within ten minutes of each other, the latter silent and evidently anxious, Sol laughing heartily at the success of the operations.

"We had to wait some time," he said, "until the sots had left the establishment. I went in, called for a big 'un of whiskey, sat down in a corner by myself and poured out the vile poison on the floor. It was more than twenty minutes before the crowd cleared out; that's why we were so long."

"Did Harlan," I asked, "take the second hundred?"

"Take them? No he didn't; he grabbed them. I could see the smile of astonishment and satisfaction on his villainous physiognomy the moment Barker offered him the money."

"And he didn't care for your being present?" I added.

"Not a bit! You see I had prepared him by passing myself off as a traveller before Barker entered. My own mother wouldn't recognize me in this disguise, and I told the villain I had come from Snakeville this evening, asking him how far he called it to Cairo. I reckon he sets me down for a peddler, and on my way to the door he said:

"How did Barker manage his part?" my wife inquired.

"Just as you ordered; if he wasn't drunk he shammed it mightily well. I stayed a few minutes after his departure, and then bade Harlan good night."

"You had better not leave Barker alone any longer," said Mr. B. "Go and tell him, Luke, to return here at half past six to-morrow morning, and to be particular not to speak about the day's proceedings to anybody."

I went below and gave the instructions as directed, but the poor fellow seemed dreadfully nervous as to the result.

"And now that Harlan's got both hundred dollars," he stammered out, "hang me if I see how I'll get back a cent from him."

"Well, Barker," I replied, opening the door for him, "have confidence in me. You shall have both amounts to-morrow, without the loss of a single dollar. Good night."

CHAPTER V.

My wife explained her plan to me next morning, and I could but laugh heartily at her *finesse*. Sim Barker arrived in due time, and I told him to go forthwith to Harlan and demand his hundred dollars, taking good care that no one was present when he made the application. If Harlan refused to give up the money, he was to remind him that a witness was present when the amount was handed to him the night previous.

Barker returned after some fifteen minutes' absence. "Here," said he, "are the second hundred dollars; and now I want to know how I'm to get the first."

"Why, these are the first hundred, you silly fellow; you'll have the second directly. You must go back there again with my clerk Gregsly, and ask Harlan for your hundred dollars; but mind this, Barker! you must demand them in an off-hand manner, as though he had not returned you any money at all. Do you understand?"

Sim gave a jump, and his face twisted itself into a broad grin as he answered: "Bless me if I don't see it all now! I'll be chawed if you ain't the biggest lawyer in these United States."

It seemed to me that Sol and Barker had only been gone five minutes when they came back, laughing, and showed us a pretty considerable roll of bills; the same hundred dollars. Sol related the circumstances of the recovery as follows:

"I remained outside while Barker went into the store and asked Harlan for the money he had given him last night. Harlan began to swear horribly at him, saying he had paid him the hundred dollars only a few minutes before! 'Nonsense!' said Sim, and then I stepped in and inquired the meaning of the altercation. When

the rumseller repeated his version of the story, I immediately replied: 'You had better hand over the bills forthwith, Harlan; you are not the man to pay money without getting a receipt for the payment. Produce your receipt, or your witnesses! The rascal looked at me with an awful expression of rage and discomfiture, and then handed over the discomfiture. As we left his store, I said to him, by way of adieu, 'I reckon rum-selling and rognery will bring you to state prison before long! He didn't like the observation, for there were three loafers in the shanty at the time, and they'll be sure to spread the affair all over town.'

Sol Gregsly's anticipations were correct. Harlan left Snickertown soon after the above occurrence, and set up in Chicago, where he was eventually detected in another act of villainy, and he is now undergoing ten years in the state prison. Barker's recovery of his money led to an entire change in his life. Under my wife's counsels he gave up his bad associates and pledged himself to abstain from liquor and gambling; that promise he has kept faithfully ever since. With his hundred dollars, gained, as he assured me, "honestly" at poker, he commenced peddling about the country, and three years ago he opened a thriving store in Snickertown.

My success in the legal profession dates from the recovery of Sim Barker's one hundred dollars, and I believe is greatly due to his spreading the story about in his travels. Sol Gregsly and I have as much business outside as in Snickertown itself; and what is more, we are scarcely ever unsuccessful. We consult Mrs. B. on most cases, and when she advises us to go ahead, we are bound to win.

Death of General Sumner.

Major General Sumner, whose death is announced to-day in a despatch from Syracuse, was a capable and earnest officer who had served for forty-four years in the army of the United States. Born in Boston in 1797, he came to this State at an early age, entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1815, and was graduated in 1819, at the age of twenty-two. Entering the army as brevet second lieutenant, he rose to the rank of captain in the First regiment of Dragoons in 1833, after fourteen years of active service on the western frontier. In 1846 he was appointed major of the Second Dragoons, which regiment was then in service in Mexico under General Scott, starting from New Mexico to assume his new command, he was met at New Orleans by an order from Gen. Scott assigning him to the command of the Mounted Rifles, then an ineffective and disorganized corps, but afterward, through his exertions, one of the best in the service. For his distinguished bravery at Cerro Gordo, while in command of this corps, Major Sumner was breveted lieutenant colonel. At the battle of Molino del Rey his gallantry was so conspicuous as to obtain for him a still further promotion, and he was breveted as colonel.

In 1851, Colonel Sumner was appointed military governor of the territory of New Mexico, which post he occupied for two years; in 1854 he was sent to Europe by the war department on official business, and received marked attention from Napoleon; in 1855 he became military governor of Kansas, and in 1858 was appointed commander of the department of the west. At the outbreak of the rebellion he took an active part in the defense of the government. Accompanying Mr. Lincoln in his journey from Springfield to Washington, he received the appointment of brigadier general on the 16th of March, 1861. He was immediately sent to California to supersede the traitor Albert S. Johnston in the command of the department of the Pacific, and on his return to the east arrested Senator Gwin as a traitor, conveying him as a prisoner across the Isthmus of Panama in spite of the remonstrances of the New Grenadian government. Immediately entering upon active duty in the army of the Potomac, Gen. Sumner was appointed a division commander, serving through the disastrous Peninsular campaign, and often saving the day for our forces by his bravery and skill. On the 31st of May, 1862, he was breveted major general of volunteers, and on the 4th of July last was confirmed in that rank by the United States senate. On the 14th of November last he was appointed commander of the right grand division of the army of the Potomac by General Burnside, and took a very prominent part in the battle of Fredericksburg. Upon the acceptance of the resignation of General Burnside, on the 25th of January, General Sumner was also relieved of his command, and has not since been in active service. He had been assigned, however, to the command of the department of the west, to supersede General Curtis, and was expected to reach St. Louis this week.

The long career of General Sumner, unspiced by excesses or terrors of any kind, closes suddenly, but his memory will be warmly cherished by his comrades in the field and the personal friends, who admired his frank spirit and his undaunted bravery. Long in command of the cavalry post at Carlisle Barracks in Pennsylvania, it was touching to see with what enthusiasm he was welcomed by the people of that region at the time of the court-martial which was held upon him at the instance of General Harney. The charge against Gen. Sumner (then colonel) was that of sending a challenge to Harney, but the offence was not proved. The citizens of Carlisle warmly espoused his cause during the progress of the trial, serenading him at his hotel, while they snubbed Gen. Harney. During his career in the army of the Potomac, Gen. Sumner endeared himself to his men, who bestowed pet names upon him, and whose comforts he always cared for. His death is a loss to the country, which needs all the earnest and capable officers who, like him, believe in hand-

ing rebellion as it deserves.